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over its own imagined victories. To whip it into humility by severe affliction would be its best preparation for giving charitable judgments as to the past, and for that humility on its own part which would enable it to progress by giving to every faculty of man that healthy exercise to which it is entitled by virtue of its connection with, and inter-dependence on all the others.

The labor of M. Renan and others in effecting a new and more intelligent junction between ancient and modern thought must be fruitful in good, must open our eyes to our own deficiencies in having the deficiencies of the ancient peoples properly explained to us. The habit of dwelling on those of the latter, by way of cloaking our own, is getting to be no part of the historian's rubric.

By way of inviting the reader's attention to M. Renan's translation, we give a few specimens in order to have them compared with former translations:

"Car voici que l'hiver est fini; la pluie est passée; elle a disparu. Les fleurs commencent à paraître sur la terre; le temps des chansons approche. La voix de la tourterelle a été entendu dans nos champs; les jeunes pousses du figuier commencent à rougir; la vigne en fleur exhale son parfum. Lève toi, mon amie, ma belle, et viens. Ma colombe, nichée aux trous de la pierre, cachée au haut du rocher, montre moi ton visage, fais-moi entendre ta voix; car ta voix est douce et ton visage est charmant."

"Mets-moi maintenant comme un sceau sur ton cœur, comme un anneau sur ton bras; car l'amour est fort comme la mort; la passion est inflexible comme l'enfer. Ses brandons son des brandons de flamme, des flèches du feu de Jéhovah.

"Les grandes eaux ne sauraient éteindre l'amour; les fleuves ne sauraient l'étouffer. Quand un homme veut acheter l'amour au prix de ses richesses, il ne recueille que la confusion."

THE Author of nature has shown that it was not beneath his care to provide for the gratification of sentiments precisely similar to those which are addressed by the arts. The world, composed of hill and dale, mountain and valley, not one boundless ploughed field to yield food; dressed in gay and bright liveries, not in one sober-suited color; filled with the music of its streams and groves, not doomed to endless monotony or everlasting silence; such a world, the dwelling-place of nations, the school of their discipline, the temple of their worship, plainly shows that they were not destined to be pupils of cold and stern utility alone, but of many and diversified influences; of gracefulness, of elegance, of beneficence, beauty, and sublimity.

When is our country to work out a higher problem, and to show that everything graceful in art may be united with everything useful in society; nay, that gracefulness, beauty, perfection in art, is one, and one not the least of the interests of society?—O. Dewey.

## ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.\*

### HOGARTH.

#### HOGARTH AND THE UPHOLSTERER.

For some time after Hogarth began to paint, he was little known except as an engraver—a mere etcher of copper—a remarkable instance of which occurred in the year 1727. It appears that one Morris, an upholsterer, engaged Hogarth to make a design for tapestry—the subject, the Element of the Earth. The task was performed, when Morris, having discovered that he had commissioned an engraver instead of a painter, refused to pay for the work, and was sued for the price—£20 for workmanship, and £10 for materials. At the trial before the Lord Chief Justice Eyre, Morris stated that he was informed by Hogarth that he was skilled in painting, and could execute the design of the Element of the Earth in a workmanlike manner. On hearing, however, afterwards that he was an engraver and not a painter, Morris became uneasy, and sent a servant to tell Mr. Hogarth, who replied that it was certainly a bold undertaking for him, but if Mr. Morris did not like it when it was finished, he should not be asked to pay for it. The work was completed and sent home, when Morris's tapestry-workers, mostly foreigners, and some of the finest hands in Europe, condemned the design, and insisted that it was impossible to execute tapestry from it. Accordingly, the verdict was given in Morris's favor, and Hogarth lost his labor and had to pay the entire expense of the trial.

#### HOGARTH'S OPINION OF HIS ART.

Bishop Sandford relates that Hogarth was one day drawing in a room, where many of his friends were assembled, and among them was the Bishop's mother. She was then a very young woman. As she stood by Hogarth, she expressed a wish to learn to draw caricature. "Alas! young lady," said Hogarth, "it is not a faculty to be envied. Take my advice and never draw caricature: by the long practice of it I have lost the enjoyment of beauty. I never see a face, but distorted; I never have the satisfaction to behold the human face divine." We may suppose that such language from Hogarth would come with great effect: his manner was very earnest and the confession is well deserving of remembrance.

#### "FINIS; OR THE TAIL-PIECE."

This strange print, engraved in 1764, the year in which Hogarth died, is stated by Nichols and others to have originated as follows; though the title of the print may, probably, have suggested the story. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, one evening, at his own table, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," said one of the artist's friends, "your business will soon be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," replied Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and the sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly, he began the next day, and worked at the picture without intermission until he had finished it: the story runs—that he never again took up his palette.

The design of the Tail-piece is to group such objects as denote the end of time, and to ridicule the gross absurdities to be seen in some of the serious works of the old masters. Hogarth named it *the Bathos, or manner of sinking in sublime paintings*, and inscribed the plate to the dealers in dark pictures. On the left is a ruined tower, with a decayed dial-plate; at its base is

\* From "Anecdote Biography," by J. Timbs, F. S. A.

a tombstone sculptured with a skull; and leaning upon part of the shaft of a column is Time breathing out "Finis;" his scythe and hour-glass are broken; in one hand he holds a parchment scroll bearing his Will, in which he bequeathes all to Chaos; the Fates, Clotho, Lachæsis and Atropos executors. Beneath the will lies a shoemaker's last, entwined with a cobbler's end. To the left are an empty ragged purse, a commission of bankruptcy against poor Dame Nature, and a play-book opened at the last page. In the foreground are a broken bow, a broken crown, and a worn out scrubbing-brush. On the right hand, opposite the tower, are a withered tree, an unroofed cottage, and a fallen inn-sign of the World's End, on the globe bursting into flames. At the foot of the sign-post is the artist's own print of the *Times*, set on fire by an inch of candle. Near this are a cracked bell, a broken bottle, a worn-out broom, the stock of a musket, a rope's end, a whip without its lash, a mutilated Ionic capital, and a painter's broken palette. In the distance are a man gibbeted in chains, and a ship foundering at sea; and in the firmament the moon is darkened by the death of Phœbus, who, with his lifeless coursers, lies extended on a cloud, his chariot wheels broken, and his light put out.

"So far, so good," exclaimed Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the painter's broken palette. "Finis," cried he; "the deed is done—all is over!"

On this print, the following epigram, ascribed to Churchill, appeared in the *Muse's Mirror*:

All must old Hogarth's gratitude declare  
Since he has named old Chaos for his heir:  
And while his works hang round the Anarch's throne,  
The connoisseur will take them for his own.

#### HISTORICAL VALUE OF HOGARTH'S WORKS.

To the student of history, these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful pictures of the manners, and even the thoughts, of the past century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with gew-gaws in the mode of that day; the church with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane: all these are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor dines in State; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the by-gone generation: we see one of Walpole's members of Parliament chaired after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender; we see the grenadiers and train bands of the city marching out to meet the enemy; and have before us, with sword and firelock, and white Hanoverian horse embroidered on the cap, the very figure of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden. The Yorkshire wagon rolls into the inn-yard; the country parson, in his jack-boots, and his bands and his short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it is Parson Adams with his sermons in his pocket. The Salisbury Fly sets forth from the old Angel—you see the passengers entering the great heavy vehicle, up the wooden steps, their hats tied down

with their handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms, sword, hanger, and case bottle; the landlady—apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar—is tugging at the bell; the hunch-backed postilion—he may have ridden the leaders to Humphrey Clinker—is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack of the Centurion lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side—it may be Smollett's Jack Hatchway—it has a likeness to Lismahago. You see the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors; the pretty milkmaid singing under the window of the enraged French musician. You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the cockpit; you see Garrick as he was arrayed in *King Richard*; *Macheath* and *Polly* in the dresses which they wore when they charmed our ancestors, and when noblemen in blue ribbons sat on the stage and listened to their delightful music. You see the ragged French soldiery, in their white coats and cockades, at Calais Gate.\* You see the judges on the bench; the audience laughing in the pit; the student in the Oxford theatre; the citizen on his country walk; you see Broughton, the boxer, Sarah Malcolm the murderess, Simon Lovat the traitor; John Wilkes the demagogue, staring at you with that squint which has become historical, and that face which, ugly as it was, he said he could make as captivating to woman as the countenance of the handsomest beau in town. All these sights and people are with you. After looking in the *Rake's Progress* at Hogarth's picture of St. James's Palace-gates, you may people the street, but little altered within these hundred years, with the gilded carriages and thronging chairmen that bore the courtiers, your ancestors, to Queen Caroline's drawing-room more than a hundred years ago.—*Mr. Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.*

#### REYNOLDS.

##### CHARACTER IN PORTRAITS.

Of mere likeness in portraiture, says Cotton, Reynolds thought very little, and used to say that he could instruct any boy that chance might throw in his way, to paint a likeness in half-a-year; but to give an impressive and just expression and character to a picture, or to paint it like Velasquez, was quite another thing. "What we are all," he said, "attempting to do with great labor, he does at once."

##### SALES OF REYNOLDS'S PICTURES.

At the great sale of Reynolds's works, at Christie's, in May, 1821, the spirited competition and the high prices were regarded by Haydon as the most triumphant thing for the art of this country. He compares the indifference with which a fine Teniers, a respectable Titian, and an undoubted Correggio were put up and knocked down, and carried off, with the enthusiastic eagerness when a picture of Reynolds's was offered. On the principle of seeking in each master his characteristic excellence, he avows his preference of the *Charity* to any of his larger productions. "It may take its place triumphantly," he says, "by any Correggio on earth." And next to this he thinks the

\* Mr. Leslie, when at Calais, in November, 1855, noted as an object of interest to him "the old gate, painted by Hogarth. The drawbridge, with its chains depending from the projecting beams, is exactly like that in the picture; but the portcullis is gone, and the gate much altered. Whatever remains there may have been of the English arms upon it in Hogarth's time are now wholly removed."—*Autobiography*, p. 232.

*Piping Shepherd* one of the finest emanations of Reynolds's sentiment. On the 19th of May he made Mr. Phillips buy this picture for 400 guineas, who, being a new hand at buying, looked rather frightened at having given so much. "But it was worth 1000 guineas," says Haydon. "It is the completest bit of a certain expression in the world. Eyes and hands, motions and look, all seem quivering with the remembrance of some melodious tone of his flageolet. The color and preservation are perfect. It is a thing I could dwell on for ages."

Next day, Haydon went again to Reynolds's sale, and found the 400 guineas of yesterday had made a great noise in town, and Phillips was assailed by everybody as he came in. Northcote was next to him. Phillips asked him how he liked the *Shepherd Boy*. At first he did not recollect it, and then said, "Ah! indeed, ah! yes! it was a very poor thing! I remember it." Poor Mr. Phillips whispered to Haydon, "You see people have different tastes." "It served him heartily right," says Haydon, "I was very glad of it; he does not deserve his prize." The moment these people heard Haydon was the adviser, they all began to undervalue it; and as soon as Northcote had said what he thought would make Phillips unhappy for two hours, he slunk away.

In May, 1856, five months after the death of Mr. Rogers, were sold the celebrated pictures by Reynolds, which had been collected in the poet's residence in St. James'-place. They had been removed to the great room at Christie's. The first picture put up was lot 581, *The Mob-cap*—the principal figure in the celebrated composition of *The Infant Academy*. The bid-dings commenced at 250 guineas, and were finally closed by Mr. Radclyffe, for 780 guineas; purchased for Miss Burdett Coutts. Lot 591, *April Sketching*, formed the companion to the *Girl with a Kitten*, in Lord Norimanton's collection, and had been purchased by Mr. Rogers at Lady Thomond's sale, for 100 guineas—350 guineas. Lot 691, *The Strawberry Girl*, the great gem of the collection, was bought for the Marquis of Hertford, at 2,100 guineas. This is a duplicate of the picture now at Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and was bought of Sir Joshua, by Lord Carysfort, for 50 guineas! Lot 695, the *Sleeping Girl*, described by Northcote as one of Reynolds's *richest performances*, sold for 150 guineas.

Lot 702, *The Study from the window of Sir Joshua's Villa at Richmond Hill*, bought by Mr. Rogers at Lady Thomond's sale for 155 guineas—sold for 430 guineas.

Lot 706, *Cupid and Psyche*, one of the most beautiful of Sir Joshua's fancy subjects, was bought by Mr. Radclyffe, for 400 guineas.

Lot 714, *Puck, or Robin Goodfellow*, sold to Earl Fitzwilliam, for 980 guineas.

When West was told of Rogers's purchase of Puck, he exclaimed, "Sir, that man has taste, he runs away with all the fine things."

The poet's brother, Mr. Henry Rogers, of Highbury, among other beautiful specimens of art, possessed Sir Joshua's first picture of the *Girl sitting for her portrait*, in Lord Palmerston's celebrated picture of the *Infant Academy*; and also the lovely picture of the *Girl sketching from Nature*.

#### REYNOLDS'S EXPERIMENTAL COLORS.

It is to be regretted that Sir Joshua continued his experiments in colors for a long course of years, and that they infected more or less many of his finest works. He was (says Cunningham) exceedingly touchy of temper on the subject of

coloring, and reproved Northcote with some sharpness for insinuating that Kneller used vermilion in his flesh-color. "What signifies," said he, "what a man used who could not color? you may use it if you will." He never allowed his pupils to make experiments, and on observing one of them employing some unusual compounds, exclaimed, "That boy will never do good, with his gallipots of varnish and foolish mixtures."

The secret of Sir Joshua's own preparations was carefully kept: he permitted not even the most favored of his pupils to acquire the knowledge of his colors; he had all securely locked, and allowed no one to enter where these treasures were deposited. What was the use of all this secrecy? those who stole the mystery of his colors could not use it unless they stole his skill and talent also.

He was fond of seeking into the secrets of the old painters, and dissected some of their performances, without remorse or scruple, to ascertain their mode of laying on color and finishing with effect. Titian he conceived to be the great master-spirit in portraiture; and no enthusiast in usury ever sought more incessantly for the secret of the philosopher's stone than did Reynolds to possess himself of the whole theory and practice of the Venetian. But this was a concealed pursuit: he disclosed his discoveries to none. "To possess," said the artist, "a real fine picture by that great master (Titian) I would sell all my gallery, I would willingly ruin myself." The capital old paintings of the Venetian School which Sir Joshua's experiments destroyed were not few, and it may be questioned if his discoveries were a compensation for their loss.

Some soot fell on a picture of Sir Joshua's drying at the fire: he took it up and said, "A fine cool tint that," and actually scumbled it beautifully into the flesh. Jackson had this anecdote from Sir George Beaumont.

The elder Reinagle remembered Sir Joshua using so much asphaltum that it dropped on the floor.

Reynolds said once, "Northcote, you don't clean my brushes well." "How can I?" replied Northcote, "they are so sticky and gummy."

A GREAT collection of paintings is like a great library. There is much trash in both, (that of the palace Pitti, however, is, to an extraordinary extent, an exception from this remark); many things ordinary, and some things glorious. . . . Some passages of the book, some figure of the painting, or even sometimes only a single hand in a picture—that is finely done. Neither the great painter nor the great author always does things worthy of himself. Both are artists; and is not the latter an artist with greater advantages? The painter can do little more than exhibit one thought, in one single light; and it must be a thought, too, with which the world is already familiar. But the writer may unfold, explain, enlarge, originate—give to the world new regions of the *beau ideal* and the beautiful; and minister, through every avenue of reason, imagination, passion, to the world's improvement and happiness.—O. Dewey.

THOSE compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it.—Hume.